



CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

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Fortune's Field.

He who gumbles all the time,
Who will make no strong endeavor,
O'er life's obstacles to climb,
And remains an idler ever,
Never on his brow shall wear
Fortune's laurels rich and fair.

"What am I?" Thus does he sigh.
"What am I? Long I've been hoping
I might catch luck passing by."
Ah, deceived man! lazy moping
Catches nothing fit to own—
That is caught by work alone.

The eagle soaring in the sky
Far away from earth's dominion,
Braves the sun with steady eye,
Borne on ever active pinion;
Once his wings are closed in rest
Down he falls to earth's green breast.

Does the fisherman remain
In his cottage by the billows,
Sleeping on through sun and rain,
Court'ing dreams on pleasant pillows,
When he seeks to fill his nets?
O, no! that would bring regrets.

In his trusty boat, oft-tried,
Pulling at the oars, behold him,
When the sunrise paints the tide,
Till the twilight shades unfold him;
All the bright hours of the day
He is pulling on his way.

On his way till he beholds
In his net the harvest fished for;
On his way until he folds
To his heart the blessings wished for;
On his way until the prize
He has sought beside him lies.

So must he strong effort make—
Earnest from its first beginning—
Who would compensations take
That are really worth the winning;
Only seeds of labor yield
Riche-t crops in Fortune's Field.

DAN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

The queerest fellow, without excep-
tion, in all Wexford, was Daniel Battier.
He was sixteen years of age, yet he
had the reputation of possessing as much
knowledge about odd and out-of-the-way
things as any ten average lads. He was
believed to have an intimate acquaint-
ance with every trout in the streams and
every bird in the woods and every rabbit
in the burrows. He had the largest
collection of birds' eggs to be found in
the country; and it was reported and
solely believed by all the small boys
in the neighborhood that he had a secret
understanding with the king-fishers and
orioles by which they agreed to surren-
der an egg of each litter to him in consid-
eration of his promise to let all others
alone.

He was always taking up some new
idea to work out. If he did not know
all about many things, he really seemed
to know little about everything. He
knew how to print, how to bleed a horse,
how to use a telegraph instrument, how
to cultivate silk worms, how to make
the most outrageous noise with his
hands, how to grow pears, how to play
checkers with his eyes shut, and in short,
he knew how to do nearly everything
that came in his way to learn.

One day the neighbors opened their
eyes and pricked up their ears at the
news that Dan had taken up photo-
graphy; not that they were astonished
at anything that Dan did, but they were
interested in his enterprise, though regard-
ing it simply as another freak of his
curious genius.

"Well, well," said they, shrugging
their shoulders, "Dan is an old stick.
It's about time he went into something
useful. Photographs, eh?"

The report was true. Dan had ob-
tained a camera of good size, and was
experimenting with it up in his "den,"
in one end of his mother's garret.

It would be hard to imagine a more
untidy, chaotic-looking place than Dan's
"den." It was full of bottles, old
clothes, jars, bits of machinery, musical
instruments, carpenter's tools, old maps,
torn pictures, pots of paint and chemi-
cals, fragments of old machines, stuffed
birds, etc., and it smelled so fearfully
that no one but Dan could ever stay long
enough to make an inventory of all the
contents.

Dan was as odd-looking a character as
one would be likely to see in a year's
travel. He was thin and lank in the
body and legs. His head was large,
and he had light blue eyes and long,
whitish hair, which he rarely combed,
and which straggled about all over his
head, as if the rats had made nests
in it the last time he slept.

He was not much of a talker. He
generally kept silent and stared. No-
body knew what a amount of thinking
he did meanwhile, and in fact many who
had laughed at his greenness had to con-
fess afterwards that he not only saw all
things that were going on, but knew
more about what he saw than the smart-
est of them.

Dan went on with his photographing
for several weeks. He learned to take
very good pictures, but he was far from
satisfied. His fingers were always

stained black and brown with acids that
he could not wash off, and his clothing
gave out a peculiar scent of colloidion.

Dan's mother began to be really an-
xious. The boy was growing up a loose
Jack-of-all-trades, but without any par-
ticular turn for one profitable calling.
It was necessary that he should choose
some single business and stick to it. She
took the boy in hand and expostulated
with him. Dan looked distressed.

"I'm trying to do something, mother;
I've just got hold of it now, I guess. I
only want a little more time."

This was about as long a speech as
Dan was in the habit of making at one
time. His mother was pacified, and for
the present let him alone.

Two or three more weeks slipped by.
Dan made pictures of everybody he
could get before his camera. He photo-
graphed his den and all his miscellaneous
trumpery. He photographed build-
ings, fences and trees.

Still he did not succeed to his mind.
His pictures still lacked the peculiar
shading or "tone" that he wanted.
His dream was to achieve this, which he
believed would not only make them
beautiful, but give him a large and
profitable custom.

He labored incessantly, now trying
this plan, now trying that, but without
any perfect result.

In the course of his experiments out
of his garret window Dan made street
pictures of people, both near and remote,
in divers attitudes, and at nearly all
hours of the day. Dan took them in
single figures and in groups; he took
them looking up and looking down,
making gestures or sitting still; he took
them as they stood in a window, and as
they walked below him or rode past in
carriages. Many of the photographs
were good, but still the subtle finish
was wanting. Dan could not realize
his dream.

Finally his mother begged him to
stop his amusement, as she called it, and
go into a store or some business where
he might support himself.

Dan shook his head.

"Can't mother."

"But, Dan, I cannot afford to give
much more money for the acids you
want."

"Ah!" said Dan. And he shook his
head once more, and looked very de-
jected.

He was at his wits' end. He believed
he was on the very verge of an important
discovery. He only wanted a little more
money. Where should the money come
from.

This was a trying question. He could
not imagine that anyone would lend him
enough cash to carry out his projects,
and he did not seem to think of any way
to earn a sufficient sum. He went up to
his "den" and sat down in the midst of
his bottles and rubbish, feeling uncom-
monly blue. Here was his camera upon
its three long legs, with a black muffer
drawn over it, and with its brass nose
pointing out into the air.

The boy's thoughts pointed the same
way. He must get out into the cold and
find something to do, or some day he
might have to stay out in the cold. He
descended into the street and wandered
about the town, moody and distressed.

About this time a trial was in progress
at the court. A man was charged with
passing a forged check at the bank. The
teller fully identified the prisoner, de-
scribed his movements, and related what
was said between them at the time with
the greatest minuteness.

On the other hand, the accused indig-
nantly denied the charge and protested
that he was not in or near the bank at
the time alleged, but in the office of a
friend on B street. He remembered his
whereabouts, for his arrest was not long
after the presentation of the forged
check, and all his movements on that
day remained distinctly in his mind.
From the first he had continued to as-
sert his innocence, and declared the
teller had mistaken him for some other
man.

Unfortunately for him, he was obliged
to admit that he was alone in his friend's
office at the hour in question, and failed
to produce any witness beside himself
to prove definitely where he was, though
he made every effort to do so. It was a
question of veracity, man against man,
but the clear and very positive statement
of the teller against the accused, and the
possibility of some motive presumed to
exist in the man's financial circum-
stances, had decided the direction, con-
sidering the interest at stake, to hold
him to answer at the next session of the
court. And now the day of trial had
come.

Everybody was extremely interested
in the trial, for the prisoner was well
known in the town, and had always been
supposed to be honest. The anxiety
was intense to know whether he would
be proved a criminal.

The case seemed to be going against

the prisoner, for one or two other
persons had been summoned to testify
"to the best of their knowledge and be-
lief," they had seen the man in or about
the bank at one o'clock on the day when
the check was passed.

The prisoner sat in the court room,
pale, but with certain fearless firmness
on his features that scarcely seemed like
guilt.

All the known evidence was in and to
the last, save the statements of a few
friends as to his previous good character,
nothing in his behalf beyond his own
unsupported word had been brought
forward.

The prosecuting attorney arose and
formally recounted the strong points in
the case, dwelling especially on the fail-
ure of the prisoner to prove an alibi,
i. e., to show to the satisfaction of the
court that he was elsewhere than at the
bank at the moment of the crime, when
suddenly, to the unspeakable astonish-
ment of all present, a queer voice from
a distant part of the room exclaimed:

"But I can tell where he was."

Everybody turned to look at the
speaker, who was none other than our
friend Dan. He stood with his mouth
wide open, clutching his cap with one
hand, and with the other nervously
poking his tousled hair. Everybody
laughed.

"Silence!" roared the crier, with a
ferce tone, and then assuming that the
boy intended to make sport, he ordered
him to sit down.

"No," drawled Dan. "I guess not."
Of course that set the crowd into still
louder laughter. The crier made an
attempt to get at the boy.

"Stop," cried the judge, in a way that
was heard in all parts of the room.

As soon as silence was obtained, he
turned towards Dan, who still remained
standing.

"Young man, do you know anything
about this case?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dan, slowly. "I
know."

"I don't want to know that yet," in-
terrupted the judge. "Come this way,
my boy."

The shrewd magistrate knew the
youngster well enough to surmise that
he would neither care nor dare to be
fooling at such a time.

Dan all stained and spotted, picked
his way out of the crowd and walked
forward to the bench. A curious spec-
tacle he was, with his uncouth form and
dress, and his mass of white hair.

The judge leaned forward and said
something to him in a very low tone,
and then Dan whispered back to the
judge. Soon the people saw the judge
smile and nod his head.

"Ah," said they one to another, "our
Dan has turned up something new. It's
just like him."

Their surmise was turned to certainty
when the judge announced, "This young
man will produce important evidence for
the defence."

Dan made his way out of the court-
room and disappeared. In ten minutes
he came back again breathless. He had
never been known to run before.

In his hand he held a paper as large
as the cover of a geography. This he
handed to the judge. He looked at it
curiously then at the prisoner. In a
moment he said:

"Clerk, administer the oath to this
boy."

Dan was sworn.

I cannot repeat his testimony here,
but be sure it was drolly worded and
disjointed enough. It made everybody
laugh, even while it interested them
profoundly. The substance of it was
that on the day when the forged check
was passed he was taking photographs
between the hours of 12 M. and 3 P. M.
Among other pictures he made one of
a man standing in the window of a
building on the opposite side of the
street. The man that he photographed
was the prisoner at the bar.

Immediately there was a general buzz
in the court-room. The prisoner's pale
face flushed, and he gazed upon Dan
with a look of joyful gratitude.

But there was still a very important
question to be settled.

"At what time, exactly, was the pho-
tograph taken?"

Dan took the picture and looked at it
closely.

"There's the clock on St. Luke's
church up in the corner," said he, point-
ing to the place, and handing the pic-
ture to the judge.

"By the dial here," said the judge,
"it was just one o'clock at the instant
when the picture was taken."

The jury and the counsel now exam-
ined the photograph minutely. It could
not be disputed; there was the identical
man, and therefore he was not in the
bank at the moment when the forged
check was passed.

The teller was once more placed upon
the stand. He was confused by the evi-
dence he had heard, and was by no

means as positive as he was before. At
last he reluctantly admitted that he
might be laboring under a mistake.
And upon that he retired into the crowd
with an appearance of great chagrin.

Dan's triumph was complete. He
was a hero. People forgot his strange
dress and his wild-looking head, and
actually "lionized" him. The prisoner
was discharged. He instantly went to
Dan, and seizing both of his hands, ex-
claimed:

"You have saved me. You shall have
anything you want. I cannot do enough
to show you my gratitude."

From that moment Dan's star began
to rise. He had money to continue his
experiments, and he eventually discov-
ered a process by which he succeeded in
obtaining the richest and most durable
photographs that are now taken in Wex-
ford. He still keeps the old camera that
made his fortune.

Great Fires of the World.

The great fire of London, in 1666,
burnt for three days, destroying 13,200
houses, including many fine public
buildings. The loss by this fire, if com-
puted by present values, would amount
to at least one hundred million dollars.
The city of New York has suffered by
at least three great fires. One in 1835
destroyed 600 warehouses, which to-
gether with contents were worth \$20-
000,000. Another in 1839 destroyed
property to the amount of \$10,000,000;
and a third in 1845 destroyed 300 stores
and dwellings, valued at \$6,000,000.

Charleston in 1838 suffered by a fire
which destroyed 1,158 buildings, cover-
ing 145 acres. Pittsburgh, in 1845, lost
by fire 1,000 buildings, valued at \$6,000-
000. Albany, N. Y., some years since
lost in steamboats and buildings \$3,000-
000. St. Louis, in 1849, lost \$3,000-
000 in steamboats and buildings.

Philadelphia, in 1858, lost 300 houses.
In 1845 two-thirds of the city of Quebec,
comprising 2,800 houses, were swept
away by fire. The city of St. John's,
Newfoundland, repeatedly damaged by
fire was nearly all destroyed in 1846,
when 6,000 people were rendered home-
less. Troy, N. Y., suffered severely in
1862. Portland, Me., in 1866, lost
\$9,000,000 including the loss of 1,600
buildings. Chicago, in 1871, and Bos-
ton, in 1872, were devastated to the
extent of more than \$200,000,000; and
quite recently a devastating fire has
almost entirely destroyed the city of St.
John, N. B. But these marked fires do
not alone measure the work of destruc-
tion; much is due to the smaller fires,
which make up by their frequency what
they lack in proportions. Constantly
at work, little by little, year by year,
the aggregate of ruin they accomplish is
fearful.

A record kept by the New York In-
surance Chronicle shows that the loss
by fire in the United States and Canada
in 1876 was \$75,000,000, and in the
previous year it was \$86,000,000. This
record is trustworthy, as far as it goes;
but it is asserted by competent authority
that the loss during the last ten years
has not been less than \$100,000,000 per
annum, not including the two extraor-
dinary fires of Chicago and Boston.

An Astonished Household.

An express team got frightened at
something, while going down Washing-
ton street, Peoria, Ill., toward the depot,
one night recently. They became un-
manageable and ran on the sidewalk in
front of Henry Kauffer's residence, 529
Washington street. They did not stop
on the sidewalk, however, but went bang
against the house, the horses' heads
going through a window, and knocking
the lower sash into the room; while the
wagon tongue tore a hole through the
weather boarding and plastering and up-
set the supper table, which was covered
with dishes and eatables. The sight of
the dishes and window sash flying about
the room, and the table turning a somer-
sault, while two horses' heads, quivering
and snorting, appeared directly over the
spot where the peaceful evening meal
was spread but a moment before, was a
decided sensation, and an earthquake
could not have been more surprising to
the family.

A Paris Nap.

It is dangerous to take a nap in Paris,
for before a man wakes up he may be
hustled under ground. A fortnight ago
a man who had an abundance of leisure
fell asleep one day, and his friends
supposed that he was dead. A funeral
was ordered and cards were sent out,
but while the undertaker was fumbling
with the screws and one of the relatives
was stooping to give the pale face of the
corpse a last caress, lo! there was breath
and warmth in the lips. The coffin was
removed and the corpse tucked into a
warm bed; and three days afterward the
slumberous man of leisure opened his
eyes, stretched his arms and murmured,
"What a good nap that was!"

A Moving Motto.

He had stayed until the clock hands
hung together at eleven, and that valu-
able recorder of time was menacing a
strike. She had yawned till her mouth
had felt large enough for a horse collar,
and yet the young man evinced no sym-
ptoms of a speedy departure. "I've
been working on a motto to-day," she
finally said, as she held her eyes open
with her fingers; "don't you want to
see it?" He said he did. She brought
out the article and passed it to him for
inspection. He held it up to the light
and read the cheerful sentence: "There's
no place like home." The young man
guessed he'd be going.

Debts of Cities.

Before the Boston Social Science As-
sociation Robert P. Porter of Chicago
recently read a paper on "Municipal
Indebtedness." In it he gave the debt of
130 cities in the United States as \$221-
312,009 in 1866, and \$644,378,663 in
1876. The assessed value of the prop-
erty was, in 1866, \$3,451,619,381, and in
1876, \$6,175,082,158. Annual taxation
in 1866, \$64,060,098; in 1876, \$112,711-
275. Population, 5,919,914 in 1866, and
8,576,249 in 1876. This shows a total
increase of the debt in ten years of up-
ward of \$420,000,000, and an annual in-
crease of \$42,000,000. With these facts
staring us in the face it is not an exag-
gerated statement to say that the cities
in the United States have to-day a debt
of \$1,000,000,000, half the sum of the
national debt, and an additional expendi-
ture of \$220,000,000, within \$40,000-
000 of the national expenses. The li-
abilities are increasing at the rate of \$50-
000,000 yearly, involving an additional
charge of \$3,000,000 upon the taxpayers.
Allowing for the great shrinkage in
values, and continued depression in
business, we find that the property of
taxpayers has already been actually
mortgaged for fifteen per cent. of its
value; and as this debt has increased at
the rate of \$42,000,000 yearly, the mort-
gages will continue to increase at the
rate of one per cent. annually, and in
another decade will amount to twenty-
five per cent. of the assessed valuation of
the property.

Mr. Porter then read a table showing
that the total State indebtedness of the
United States is \$363,170,976, while the
municipal indebtedness of one hundred
and thirty cities is upward of \$275,000-
000 more than the entire State debt.
State debts then are distributed about
as follows: Western States, \$2.80 per
capita; Eastern States, \$8 per capita;
and Southern States \$22 per capita.

A Turkish Lady Unveiled.

The following extract is from a letter
written by the captain of a Maine brig
now loading in Smyrna, Turkey:
"Speaking of Turks makes me think to
tell you that I have been highly honored
since I have been here, having had as a
visitor a Turkish lady of high rank—
something that never happened before
in Smyrna, so my consignee informs me.
She was the most beautiful woman I
have ever seen, and wonderfully grace-
ful. I suppose you are aware that the
Turkish ladies are always veiled to all
except their husbands, if they have any;
but this lady was unmarried, and came
on board accompanied by the consignee
of my vessel, with his wife and sisters
and a small army of assistants. She
kept closely veiled while she remained
on deck, but when resting in the cabin
a photograph of my little girl was handed
to her. She, in order to observe it
better, dropped her veil, and thus re-
mained during the short time of her
visit. She was just like all handsome
women, perfectly aware of the fact, and
evidently willing that others should be,
when out of sight of her own people.
She was perfectly at ease, and just
before leaving recovered her face with
her veil, and assumed that mysterious
look and appearance common to all
Turkish women."

Hector's Conundrum.

"Andromache," said *megas koruthio-
los* Hector, as he lifted the infant
Astyanax to his well-greaved knee and
searched his vest pocket for a gum drop.
"Andromache, wilt listen?"
And the wife of the Trojan hero sat
down on his plumed helmet with a look
of ineffable tenderness, and replied:

"Wilt."

"Then," said the vanquisher of
Petroclus, "why is your name like the
first experience of our little Astyanax
with green apples?"

A puzzled look o'erspread the features
of the fair Andromache, and she sweetly
murmured:

"I pass."

"Because," replied the Hellenic
warrior and friend of Achilles, "because
it—(here he placed Astyanax on the
floor and cautiously retested toward
the open door)—because it ends in
ache."—*Hawkeys.*

A Moving Motto.

He had stayed until the clock hands
hung together at eleven, and that valu-
able recorder of time was menacing a
strike. She had yawned till her mouth
had felt large enough for a horse collar,
and yet the young man evinced no sym-
ptoms of a speedy departure. "I've
been working on a motto to-day," she
finally said, as she held her eyes open
with her fingers; "don't you want to
see it?" He said he did. She brought
out the article and passed it to him for
inspection. He held it up to the light
and read the cheerful sentence: "There's
no place like home." The young man
guessed he'd be going.

Items of Interest.

Bonds irredeemable—Vaga-bonds.
Walking sticks—Swells promenading.
There are thirteen thousand churches
in England.

There is one Republican in the Ken-
tucky Senate.

There are 1,800,000 segars made annu-
ally in the United States.

A pretty hood—childhood. A more
expensive hood—womanhood.

A Swedish exploring expedition will
start for the north pole in May.

"What is a smile?" asked a man of a
little girl. "The whisper of a laugh,"
said she.

Gassaway is the name of the sweet
singer of Texas who has written a poem
of 15,437 lines.

Why didn't he eat up the whole desk?
We refer to the anaconda who swallowed
a pigeon-whole.

It needs considerable moral courage
for a man who is courting to map out
and try to grow a pair of side whiskers.

There are eighty-two banks in "the
State of New York, having an aggregate
capital of \$22,650,200, with total resources
of \$92,478,000.

The man who owns a \$20,000 cow can
drink milk costing him eighty-four cents
a quart. That's all the advantage he has
over the rest of us.

Commissioner of Agriculture Le Duc
thinks that coffee can be raised in this
country—Florida, Southern California
and Texas, holding out promise of
success.

WITH MY PICTURE.

Oh place it in a pretty frame,
Upon your mantel shelf!
Then kiss it once, for me, my flame,
—Then—kiss it for yourself.

—Charles Stuart Welles in Bohemia

A mean man, who felt obliged to make
a present to a lady, saw a statuette in a
crockery store broken into a dozen
pieces, and asked the price. The sales-
man said it was worthless, but that he
could have it for the cost of packing in a
box. He sent it to the lady, with his
card, congratulating himself that she
would imagine it had become ruined
while on its way home. The effect was
not what was expected, for the trades-
man had carefully wrapped each piece in
a separate paper.

A lunatic en route with two keepers
to an asylum at St. Robert (France),
wouldn't get out at that place, and while
they were coaxing him, the train, by
some oversight of the conductor, started.
At Grenoble he got out, but, strange to
say, no telegram ordering the arrest ap-
pears to have been sent, and of his own
accord he took a ticket back to St.
Robert, and got into a third class car-
riage with one young man, whom he
presently attacked. The victim tried to
escape, and the mad man then pushed
him out, and jumped after him, break-
ing his own arm in doing so. The head
of the other struck on the rail and he
was killed. When asked why he attacked
his companion he only said that he
believed him to be a Prussian spy.

Found in a Turkey's Gizzard.

The Buda (Ill.) Call says: Some time
about the last of October, Miss Josie
Pomeroy, of Muskota, Kansas, while
visiting her sister, Mrs. George B. Cus-
hing of Indian town township, in this
county, lost a pair of bosom studs made
of two gold dollars. The window being
open it was supposed they had fallen
out. Very diligent search was made,
but all to no purpose. On the day be-
fore Christmas Mr. Cushing killed one
of his turkeys for the morrow's dinner,
which proved to be a very fine fat gob-
bler, and, surprising as it may appear,
the very identical gold dollars were
found in the gobbler's gizzard. They
had the appearance of having been in
confinement for some time, as they were
worn quite smooth, showing nothing but
the medallion busts and the indentures
where the spirals were attached, by which
marks they were identified as the long
lost gold studs.

A Machine to Restore Respiration.

This invention consists of a sheet-iron
cylinder large enough to receive the
body of an adult person. It is closed at
one end, and the body of the patient is
inserted,

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THREE WELCOMED.

If the unanimity with which the call from the Arlington Orthodox church was extended was gratifying to Rev. Mr. Merrill, his reception by them as their pastor must be even more so. Church, Sunday school and society have vied with each other in giving expressions to their hearty welcome. Perhaps the most pleasing of all, because so informal, was the gathering in the church vestry, last Wednesday evening, the occasion being the "reception of Rev. J. Lewis Merrill and family by the Orthodox church and society."

In accordance with the notice, tea was served at seven o'clock, at which hour the vestry, was well filled, and after this had been disposed of, and a hymn of welcome sang by the company, led by the choir, Mr. E. O. Grover, principal of Russell Grammar School, stepped forward, and gave expression to the feelings of the people in one of the most neatly worded and finely chosen little speeches we ever heard on such an occasion, and its appreciation by the audience was testified by frequent and hearty applause. Mr. Merrill's reply was apt, pleasant, and brief. Miss V. Cutting, soprano of the church, then favored the audience with a solo, sang with fine effect, and the formal services were over; but the pleasures of the evening were by no means ended, as an hour or more was spent in the most social and pleasant manner, and the occasion will long be remembered with pleasure.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

A festive gathering, long to be remembered by those participating as one of the pleasantest and most successful of its kind, was that which met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Hight, Lewis Avenue, last Tuesday evening, it being the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Under cover of darkness about forty ladies and gentlemen, bearing burdens of choice eatables and various vessels and utensils, made of the precious metal from the mines of Cornwall, assembled with all due secrecy at the house of a near neighbor, who was, we trust, one of the leading spirits in the scheme. The order to advance was given about half-past seven, and an overwhelming charge was made upon the "Hights," they being literally "taken by surprise and carried by storm." The kitchen was unceremoniously invaded by the Commissary Department of the assaulting forces, which at a later hour contributed largely to the rational enjoyment of the evening. After the interchange of friendly greetings and entertainment, under the direction of Miss Alice Metcalf, consisting of music, tableaux and recitations, was given in an admirable manner, reflecting much credit upon the performers, who were warmly applauded. During an interval in the festivities, Mr. George H. Rugg addressed the happily surprised couple, congratulating them in behalf of the assembled company. The response of Mr. Hight was the speech of the evening, and fully sustained his reputation as an orator. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation of a large and elegant seal ring to Mrs. Hight, and a superb bosom pin, studded with brilliants, to Mr. Hight, both of which will be lasting souvenirs of the anniversary. The evening quickly passed, full of surprises and enjoyment to all concerned, and as the company reluctantly separated, the general expression was one of complete satisfaction.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.—Rev. C. H. Spalding and wife met with a genuine surprise, last Tuesday evening. They were invited to tea with the family of Rev. Mr. Nordell, and about half past seven o'clock were summoned home to find their residence entirely illuminated, and filled to overflowing with their parishioners, who had called to congratulate them upon the tenth anniversary of their wedding. Their dining-room table was loaded with valuable presents suggested by the occasion. Mr. Warren Rawson approached the pastor, and in a few kind words, emptied upon the table a dish of new silver dollars, nearly one hundred in number. There were other presents in cash beside. Mr. Spalding was thrown completely off his guard, as was manifest in the exceeding embarrassment of his response, which was given in choked utterances. The evening passed delightfully. The completeness of the surprise was one of its chief enjoyments to the friends; but to the pastor and family, the fact that they were so kindly remembered by their people, was their greatest satisfaction.

We believe a strong evidence that the "hardness" of the times is past, is to be found in the round of enjoyment that have almost crowded upon each other in our societies and churches, since the new year began, and hail them with pleasure.

Gold seems inclined to "resume" its old position on par with paper, of its own accord, having touched 14 on Wednesday. How about silver.

The regular meeting of the Arlington W. C. T. Union will be held next Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

A little early this week on account of work.

W. C. T. UNION.

At the regular meeting of the Arlington W. C. T. Union, last Tuesday afternoon, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

President.—Mrs. Edward D. Brooks.
Vice-Presidents.—Mrs. George H. Rugg, Mrs. James Cutter.
Secretary.—Mrs. Anna W. Freeman.
Treasurer.—Mrs. W. Trow.
Executive Committee.—Mrs. John Field, Mrs. R. J. Hardy, Mrs. George C. Whittemore, Mrs. John H. Hartwell, Mrs. H. B. Mitchell, Mrs. A. J. Tillson, Mrs. David P. Green.

We are pleased to learn that with this organization, as with the Reform Club, interest in the cause in which they are engaged is not in the least diminished; that the membership is increasing; and that each and every call upon the sympathy or benevolence meets with ready response.

The winter has been, and will continue to be, a hard one for many in our midst, and it will not be strange if there are cases of suffering, from want; for those most deserving of assistance are very often the last to seek aid and relief. Many of these men are connected with no church, and it is the province of this organization to seek out such, and render all needed assistance, and we know the feeling among them all, is that no pains shall be spared to prevent every one of the many reclaimed men in our town, who may be thus situated, from returning to their old courses through the discouragements of their hard lots.

There are, we doubt not, many benevolent and large hearted ladies in town who would be glad to work for the benefit of others, if they only knew how and where, and we have thought best, all unsolicited, to extend the invitation to all such to join the union. Its unsectarian character; the means for obtaining information on these points, and the natural tendency of reformed men, knowing its objects, to look to such an organization for aid, makes it, we believe, the most perfect of any similar society yet formed.

We are sure we can speak for all such a hearty welcome to the Union, and are equally confident that they will never regret having made the sacrifice necessary.

BUSY LIFE ENDED.

We were pained to learn by the Boston papers of Tuesday morning, of the death of Mr. Edgar Marchant, publisher of the *Vineyard Gazette*, at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. Having for some time been in his employ, and known him intimately, we came to cherish him a high respect, and we offer to his bereaved family our sympathy in their affliction. From the Boston Herald, of Jan. 16, we clip the following in regard to Mr. M.:—

At the age of 21 he commenced business as one of the proprietors of the Gloucester Telegraph. He afterwards removed to Boston, and purchased an interest in the *Traveller*. In 1842 he severed his connection with that paper and started the *Daily Circular*, which, after a short run, failed, and caused the loss of all his property. He then removed to New York, and for a number of years labored in various capacities upon the journals of that city. In 1856 he went to Edgartown, this State, and founded the *Vineyard Gazette*, which he carried on for seventeen years. After disposing of his interest in that sheet he removed to Salem, where, in 1863, he started a weekly Democratic paper, the *Essex Statesman*. He soon after this went to Woburn, and bought out the *Middlesex Journal* and the *Woburn Budget*, which he consolidated, and run for four years under the former title. After selling out this paper he bought the *Abington Standard*, which, in its turn, he sold, and bought back the *Middlesex Journal*, and changed its name to the *Woburn Journal*, which he run for some time. After disposing of this paper he, in partnership with Mark Allen, founded the *Woburn Advertiser*, and, shortly after, disposed of his share to his partner. Mr. Marchant's next venture was the *Norfolk County Register*, which he soon sold, and returning to Edgartown, re-purchased the *Vineyard Gazette*. Oct. 1, 1872, and run it for five years, when, his health failing, he sold it to his nephew, Edgar W. Marchant. This was virtually the end of his journalistic career. It is said that every paper he purchased, with the exception of the *Gazette*, was on its last legs, and that he always succeeded in building them up and making them a success. In 1862 he was unanimously elected to the State Legislature from Dukes county.

The veteran editor of the Springfield Republican died last Wednesday night, in the eighty-first year of his age. For several years the condition of his health has given cause for anxiety to those of his immediate household, and his intimate friends have long entertained fears that his days would not be prolonged. He maintained active connection with his paper until the recent State election was decided, when his nervous system yielded to the undue strain which it had met. Mr. Bowles was forced to take his bed, where it was hoped he would find through rest, that restoration to partial health which would at least enable him to shape the policy of the paper if he could not contribute largely to its columns. His disease, however, took an unfavorable turn, and for weeks he has lingered on the threshold of death. At times during the past few weeks faint hopes were entertained by his friends that he might recover, but for several days it has been apparent that he could not hold out much longer in the unequal struggle. He suffered little, and was quiet in mind during the day preceding his death, and was conscious until nearly the last.

OUR NEW ART SCHOOL.

BY ONE OF THE PUPILS.

(Written for the Hancock Literary Association, Lexington.)

We cannot but see and feel the awakened, or rather created, interest in art, which has sprung up in our country within the last few years. Certainly, the Centennial did much to spread that interest; still it had already made its appearance in limited art circles, among people of travel and aesthetic tastes; but now the beauties of the creative art and manufactures exhibited at the Great Exhibition in Philadelphia, have spread that taste in, and desire for the beautiful, that was before unawakened among our essentially thrifty, hard working people.

The Art Schools which have sprung into existence in many of our cities, may or may not owe their first impulse to that exhibition. The one now established in Boston was talked of, and worked for, a long time before the Centennial, although last January saw the opening of the school.

A life in an Art School is so unlike anything else, so full of thoughts utterly apart from the hurrying, busy world outside, you must come in with us to have an idea of what, even in this young school, is being done for the culture of our people and the training of professional artists.

The Museum of Fine Arts in the beautiful building on Huntington avenue, has kindly given six rooms for the use of the school. They are situated in the basement, below the Sculpture galleries, but we enter by the main entrance.

The school is under the charge of Mr. Grundmann, an artist from the Antwerp School. Mr. Dengler, the sculptor, and Mr. Champney, the artist, are the assistant teachers, while Dr. Rimmer lectures on Anatomy at the Institute of Technology, in connection with the school. Here, in this beautiful building, so full of lovely pictures, old china, curious Japanese wares, embroideries, laces, and everything that makes a museum interesting and instructive, come every morning, at the early hour of nine, about 125 ladies and gentlemen, with a love for art and an earnest purpose to learn. Along the windy avenue they hasten into the building, down the stairway, registering their names on the bulletin-board, and on Monday morning reading from a poster fastened on the doors of the different rooms, the name of each pupil, and his or her work to be done during the week.

For a few moments there is a rushing through the long entries, the gentlemen getting their materials and the ladies putting on their long working aprons; soon all is silence.

Just peep into the rooms. They are small, and full of students, sitting on high stools or low ones, with their easels before them, hard at work, either copying the cast of some muscular arm, or leg, or a charming Greek hero, or the busts of the strong old Roman Emperors; while in two other rooms, pupils are modeling in clay, from plaster casts of the different features of the face. One may have a colossal nose, and his neighbor, a lovely little baby hand, so tender in its little lifelike form. Further on is the life-room,—the most interesting of all. Here also you find silence reigns, and an earnest, devoted look on every face as they gaze from their work to the living model who sits on a raised platform facing the semi-circle of pupils. These models are mostly Italian men or women, in their own simple clothes, for we are as yet only trying to draw and paint the heads, and do not attempt anything too comprehensive.

One pupil has charge of the model for a week, posing him and seeing that he rests every half hour; the well known phrase, "The model rests," seems to come only too often, so interested and wrapped are we in our work.

Often our sympathies are enlisted in these models, and our thoughts carried from our life, so full of pleasant work and bright hopes, to their weary struggle for the trifling pittance they earn to supply their daily food.

Once during the morning, at 11 o'clock, the janitor announces our recess, and while the rooms are being aired we gather in groups in the lunch room, at the end of the entry, and discuss our work or wander about the Museum, seeing the new pictures, or looking with a woman's loving eye on the lovely Japanese tea-cups, brought home by Mr. Burlingame, now in the Loan collection; but another time we may speak of what is above, in these galleries, over our busy world on the "ground floor."

Saturday the pupils give in to the clerk their week's work, whether finished or not, as each week we have a new object given to every student. On Monday a memory drawing is required of the previous week's work, and on Tuesday and Thursday many of us take our dinner about one o'clock, at the end of the entry, relating the incidents and accidents of our morning, and, as you can imagine, among a hundred people, many things are said and done which are really funny, often witty.

After our informal meal we can be seen hastening over to the Institute of Technology, to attend Dr. Rimmer's lectures, and here every student is

obliged to draw upon the blackboard, thereby putting immediately into practice all he is learning from the lectures. Curious the drawings are at first, but you would be surprised to see the rapid improvement made by some of the pupils. Imagine sixty students, each drawing eyes upon the blackboard which surrounds the hall; it looks a trifle weird as the afternoon light fades away, and we, in departing, glance back and see a great room full of eyes staring at us.

Weary we are, sometimes, from this close attention to work, but every day the ambition to improve, and the real love of art nerves the student to fresh work, and we appear each morning bright with hope.

A school such as this cannot fail to improve the taste and create a love of the beautiful, if it does not develop artists, which we believe it certainly will.

Earnest devotion to any object, and a pure love for that object, will ensure success. S. W.

LECTURE COURSE.—The next who will appear before the people who attend the Bethel Lodge Course will be Rev. A. A. Willets, D. D., of Philadelphia, on the evening of Tuesday, January 22. His subject will be "Sunshine; or, the Secret of a happy Life." In regard to this lecture, Rev. Dr. Talmage writes to the Philadelphia Press:—

"Any one might well have been flattered with the reception given on Monday evening to Dr. Willets, at the corner of Broad and Arch. The people of Philadelphia long ago understood that what this lecturer does he does well. His subject, 'The Model Wife,' was treated with a vividness that no one could wield who had not a living illustration in his own home. His celebrated lecture entitled, 'Sunshine,' may have in it more uproarious fun, but we commend this for its more surpassing beauty, while at the same time it is fully enough facetious for any one not endowed with waistcoat not supernatural strength. Without any of the cant or conventionalities or nasal twang with which many of our public speakers are afflicted, he advanced with a style that was logical without being dry, poetic without being insipid, humorous without being silly, bold without being rash, pure without being finical. We all came away filled with good-humor and a resolution more highly to appreciate our homes. Indeed, it is a great deal better to jolt down moral reflections with a good laugh than to take them in didactic portions. Long live Dr. Willets, the entertaining lecturer and the genial man!"

Dr. Lambert, of Life Insurance notoriety, recently sentenced to five years' imprisonment in State Prison for forgery. When the usual question was put to him, what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he responded in a speech of nearly two hours' length, elaborately defending his whole crime. It was an amazing exhibition of brazen effrontery and moral callousness such as is not often witnessed. The gist of his remarks was that there was nothing wrong in his swearing to the truth of false statements as to the affairs of the corporation of which he was President, and that if there were, every President of a Life Insurance Company was equally guilty with himself. Recent disclosures give only too much color to his assertion, but let us hope that the case is not quite so bad as he states it.

THE CHURCHES.

Rev. J. Lewis Merrill will occupy the pulpit at the Orthodox church, next Sabbath.

Rev. F. B. Hornbroke, of Weston, Mass., will preach at the Unitarian church, morning and evening, 20th inst.

Subject of sermon at Universalist church, Sunday morning, "The Universalist doctrine of Hell." Lecture room talk in the vestry at 7 P. M., subject, "Religion in the Home." Meetings in the vestry on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Addresses by the pastor and neighboring clergymen. All are invited.

St. John's church. Sunday School at 2.45 P. M. Afternoon church at 3.30. Evening service at 7.30. The morning service will be omitted until further notice.

Rev. C. H. Spalding will preach at the Baptist church, next Sabbath afternoon, at 3 o'clock, on "Jehosophat; or, the Power of an Uplifting Life." Sunday School Concert in the evening at 6.30 o'clock.

The third entertainment furnished by the committee of Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter, Tuesday evening last, was the most fully attended, and decidedly the best. It was wholly musical, but the variety made it exceedingly pleasing. Mr. Geo. L. Cheney is a humorist in the highest sense, Mr. James W. Cheney is a fine performer on the piano, and Miss Adams proved herself a soprano soloist of merit. The evening closed with the usual dancing party.

We announced last week that a sociable would be held in the rooms of the Arlington Reform Club, last Tuesday evening. It was held, but owing to the very large number of its friends engaged in other amusements, it was not a great success, we are sorry to say. The time was when the Reform Club was one of the first considerations. We trust the interest is not wholly gone.

The sudden and severe changes experienced during the month of January have been very trying, and are doubtless the cause of the large amount of sickness prevailing at present.

[Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14, 1878.

The break in the routine of Department work caused by the holidays has closed, and business again assumes its wonted channels. Receptions do not commence here until after Christmas, and the long pent-up restraint of belles and beaux makes everybody now on the *qui vive* for Germans, kettledrums, tea-parties and balls, and, until Lent, everything will be drawn into the festive whirlpool of gaiety and fashion. One of the leaders in fashionable circles is Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, a daughter of the late Chief Justice, and wife of ex-Senator Sprague. She has for years held the undisputed title of the most beautiful woman at the capital. Here, where she is best known, the romance of her life is oft told. She was a reckless, ambitious girl, and the ideal and bold purpose of her life was to have her father President. Just before the nomination, in 1860, she (as the matron of her father's house, although but eighteen), gave a grand party, and used her most fascinating endeavors in presenting the claims of her father; but, of course, the work was idle. She has lately returned from Europe, and this winter will reside at Edgewood, her father's old mansion, about two miles from the city.

Donn Piatt, of the *Sunday Capital*, has postponed the execution of his suggestion made on inauguration day, last March, that President Hayes should be assassinated if he attempted to take his seat. He was present as an invited guest at the Silver Wedding of the President, the other evening. Verily, the lamb and the lion have laid down together. Coffee, not pistols, for two.

Alonzo Bell, Asst. Secretary of the Interior, is to lecture here in a few days on "Human Possibilities." Most everybody asks whether any one ever thought, before his appointment, that it was a human possibility for him to gain so high a position.

Gov. Packard having failed to get satisfaction out of the Administration, has accepted the hospitality of the White House. He is bound to make the price of his hotel bill, if nothing else, out of the Government.

The "Louisa House," named after and built as a memorial of an only daughter, by W. W. Corcoran, of this city, for the reception of aged and infirm ladies, was the scene of a brilliant reception on his seventy-ninth birthday. This institution, and the Art Gallery, are examples of the wisdom of men of wealth becoming their own executors in making effectual their philanthropic desires.

There is to be a sale at auction, at an early date, of the abandoned and unclaimed exhibits of the Centennial Exposition. These exhibits were admitted by special arrangements without payment of duties, a bond being given for payment when the goods were sold. In many cases the duties would be greater than the market price of the goods now, and the owners prefer to permit them to be sold and the proceeds go into the Treasury. There will be three sales: one of show-cases, heavy machinery, and bulky goods which have never been removed, to take place at the Main Exposition Building; one of large goods and machinery that have been stored in Government buildings, these to be sold where they are; and another sale of small articles and portable goods to be sold at the entire effects, furniture, china, plate, cutlery and linen of the celebrated Trois Freres restaurant.

A new change in the present political system is proposed, and the advocates of the measure assert that the President will embody a hearty recommendation of it in his forthcoming message to Congress. The plan is that hereafter the various Cabinet officers shall be entitled to the privileges of the House and Senate to the extent of speaking upon all bills and measures relative to their Departments; that they shall have the right to make suggestions and offer amendments, and thus be brought into closer relations with Congress. The opponents of the measure say that this, if passed, will be ruinous, from the fact that it will lead to the formation of an "appointment pool," which will be death to the already sickly Civil Service.

The President will not approve the silver bill until it limits the legal tender capacity of the silver dollar. This is cold comfort to thousands of suffering people. A dollar so debased as to be inadequate to pay debts is a counterfeit, and whether made by the Government or the rascal, makes little difference, except that in the latter case the counterfeit is furnished with ample opportunity for reflection in his retirement in the penitentiary. The bond holders are making every effort to protect themselves in any legislation that may be had. Ten thousand dollars in gold, in 1863, purchased \$25,000 in currency, which, paid into the Treasury, bought \$25,000 worth of bonds, upon which, every six months, \$750.00 has been paid in gold as interest, amounting to \$21,750. The bond having matured, the bond holder now takes \$25,000 in gold, which, added to the interest heretofore received, makes \$46,750, as the result of an investment of \$10,000, in gold, in 1863. FAX.

A CURIOUS RELIC.—On Thursday of this week we were shown a curious and interesting relic of the Revolution in the shape of a letter from Mr. William Munro, of Lexington, dated January 13, 1778, and addressed to "Capt. Edmund Munro, in Col. Bigelow Regiment, at the army." The contents relate wholly to private matters, or we would give it. The document has been well preserved, and is highly prized by its present owner, Mrs. Fessenden, of Arlington.

The musical and dramatic entertainment, held in the Universalist church vestry, last Wednesday evening, was quite a success. The music was fine, and the readings, by Rev. W. H. Ryder, of Malden, of "The Difficulty about that Dog," "The Young Desperado," "Mabel, Little Mabel," and several others, were most excellent.

Get your valentines early at J. Baird's, 21 Bedford St., Boston, and secure the choicest selections. Best stock of embossed pictures in the city.

Read the advertisement of "Wyman Cabbage Seed."

Bedford Locals.

A party of twenty-five or thirty gentlemen from Brattleboro', Vermont, and vicinity, visited the Narrow Gauge railroad last week, to examine it with reference to building one in that section of Vt. They were business men, and evidently meant business. The intended route is from Brattleboro', up one of the Green Mountain Valleys, 20 or 30 miles, through Jamaica, Londonderry and other towns, now without any railroad accommodations. It is expected that large quantities of lumber will be brought into the market by means of this new railroad. They were much pleased with the road and everything connected with its operation, and thought it just the thing they wanted.

The people of the East School district assembled in their school house, on Friday evening of last week, to the number of more than a hundred, to enjoy an exhibition and tea party combined. The room was tastefully decorated with flowers, etc., from the greenhouse of Mr. Bowman. The parents did a good thing for the School by entering so heartily into the arrangements, and afforded great encouragement to the teacher, Mr. A. E. Brown.

We regret to learn that our worthy townsman, Dea. P. W. Chamberlain, was taken to the Insane Asylum, at Somerville, on Monday last. For the last few months he has been suffering from great mental depression and impaired physical health, which has had this sad result. He will be greatly missed in the town, and especially in the church where for so many years he has filled an important office.

The cold weather of the past week has been welcome to Mr. John Farrell, and he has commenced to house his stock of ice, at Staple's Pond, securing a good quality, of over a foot in thickness.

During the past week special religious services have been held in the Trinitarian church. Rev. G. E. Lovejoy has preached each evening, and this service has been followed by a prayer and conference meeting. They have been well attended, and a good degree of interest has been manifested.

Rev. J. F. Gleason and all his family were on the train wrecked at Tarrifville, Ct., but all escaped unharmed, as has been learned by their friends here.

The number of trains on the N. G. R. R. has been reduced. WEB.

Lexington Locals.

THE DRAINAGE.

Last Tuesday forenoon there was a hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the Mass. Legislature on the petition of the selectmen of Lexington for a bill to approve the action of the town under a bill passed by a previous Legislature, supposed at the time to be legal and right, but since, by the decision of the Supreme Court, found to be null and void. The room was well filled with prominent citizens of Lexington, and the entire discussion of the merits of the case was listened to attentively. Hon. Charles Hudson appeared as counsel for the town, and although his modesty led him to speak slightly as to his abilities in this direction, the manner in which he put the case evinced a thorough study of it in all its bearings, and he also showed he had consulted many authorities to sustain him. We need not go over the matter, as our readers are perfectly familiar with it, both through these columns, and by speeches of Mr. Hudson and others, and the facts of the case are known to all.

Charles D. Robinson, Esq., appeared for remonstrants, who had previously presented a petition, bearing 125 names of citizens of Lexington, asking that no action be taken in the matter. After briefly replying to the charge of Mr. Hudson, that he had stepped outside of his duties as counsel in interfering with the attempt to force a bill through the Legislature of last year, in every respect similar to the one now asked for, and giving his version of the matter, which entirely changed the appearance of the case, he began his address to the com-

mittee by stating he should confine himself to two propositions, or questions, first: "Can the Legislature pass the bill prayed for?" second, "Ought the Legislature to pass the bill, provided it has the right?" Under the first proposition he went over the history of the legal contests thus far, and cited the decision of the Supreme Court, in this and other cases, from which he concluded that the legislature could not pass the bill without coming in collision with the Supreme Court, contrary to the Constitution. The other proposition was maintained on the ground that the original act of the Legislature contains all the powers and provisions necessary to carry out, in a legal manner, the drainage and improvement sought; that the Legislature asked for would also tend to increase litigation, and for this reason especially ought not to pass.

The committee gave a patient and attentive hearing, and then took the somewhat voluminous documentary evidence, reserving their decision.

VACATION COMING.—The public schools of the town of Lexington close next Friday, 25th inst., to begin again on Monday, February 4th. We are indebted to the School Committee for the following dates of the examinations of the schools:—

Jan. 21.—Howard School, forenoon; Franklin School, afternoon.

Jan. 22.—Bowditch School, forenoon; Warren School, afternoon.

Jan. 23.—Adams Primary, forenoon; Adams Grammar, afternoon.

Jan. 24.—Hancock Primary and Intermediate, forenoon; Hancock Grammar (both Schools), afternoon.

Jan. 25.—High School.

LECTURE COURSE.—Next Wednesday evening, January 23rd, our people are to be pleased, instructed and amused by Mr. Frank Beard, in his "Caricature Lectures." His power with the crayon is something wonderful. Pictures are produced with crayons in both hands, and the celerity with which he performs his tasks is almost beyond belief. His power to amuse an audience is beyond that of any single lecturer we know of, and a vast amount of valuable instruction can also be obtained from him. We hope to see the hall as full as on the evening of the last lecture.

CONCERT.—Last Monday evening another of those pleasant concerts, in aid of the Sunday School connected with the East Lexington church, was given in the church. The exercises consisted of solos, duets, trios, readings, recitations and the pleasing farce, "The Red Chignon." One of the most pleasing features was the charming little piece, "At the Party," by eight little girls, and the singing of a comic song, by Master Ellsworth Peirce, was heartily encored. It was a very pleasant affair.

PUBLIC READING.—Mr. E. P. Collier, of Boston, purposes giving an entertainment, consisting of readings and recitations, in the Town Hall, Lexington, Friday evening, Jan. 25. We hear Mr. C. spoken of as a pleasing reader, and we trust he may be welcomed by an audience which shall fill the hall. The lack of a reading entertainment in our lecture course will make this doubly attractive.

Thursday morning the horses attached to a heavy team belonging to Mr. George F. Chapman, left standing in front of the Post Office, were frightened by Jackson Bros. team, and started to run, but one wheel was caught against the iron hitching post, and brought the horses to a stand still. The post does not look as well as it did.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.—This society still continues its prosperous career, giving pleasure to all who are members. The paper read at the meeting last Tuesday evening was very highly spoken of.

A. N. Hardy, the noted photographer, has removed to 433 Washington street, Boston, between Temple Place and West street, one night, where, in his elegant rooms, and increased facilities, he will be enabled to guarantee perfect satisfaction at the lowest prices.

"GERMAN SYRUP.—No other medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities as Boschee's German Syrup. In three years two million four hundred thousand small bottles of this medicine were distributed free of charge by Druggists in this country to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, giving the American people undeniable proof that German Syrup will cure them. The result has been that Druggists in every town and village in the United States are recommending it to their customers. Go to your Druggist, and ask what they know about it. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Three doses will relieve any case.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Jan. 16, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Asa Brooks, by Rev. I. F. Waterhouse, of Belmont, Mr. George L. Pierce and Miss Annie M. Brooks, both of Arlington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 14, Florence E., daughter of Edward C. and Adelaide Tower, aged 3 years, 4 months.

In Arlington, Jan. 15, Mrs. Rosa, wife of Alfred Brooks, aged 28 years, 3 months, 10 days.

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Rooms in Bank Building.
June 30—19

REMOVAL.
A. N. HARDY, Artist Photographer,
Removed to his new and elegant Studio, No. 433 Washington Street, Boston, between Temple Place and West street. Permanent Carbon Photographs made that will not spot or fade. Also, a new Faded Picture, different from anything ever before offered in Boston. Prices reasonable. Jan-19-4w

WYMAN CABBAGE SEED FOR SALE.
Also, an extra, new variety of EARLY CABBAGE SEED for sale. Apply to
JOHN P. WYMAN, Arlington Avenue.
Arlington, Jan. 7, 1878.—Jan-19-4w

E. E. UPHAM, Dealer in
Beef, Pork, Ham, Tripe, Lard,
BUTTER, EGGS AND CHEESE.
Vegetables Fruit, &c.,
POULTRY AND GAME,
in their season.
Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Orders for any articles of Poultry and Game not in store, promptly furnished.
Goods delivered in Arlington and Belmont, free of expense.

F. A. FESSENDEN
would inform the citizens of Arlington and vicinity that he has bought Mr. Ober's Furniture business, and has put in a large assortment of new styles of Paper Hangings, and intends to keep a good stock of Furniture, Bedding, Window Shades, Tassels, Picture and Curtain Cord, Carpet Linings and Trimmings, Oil Cloth, Rugs, &c. Mr. Fessenden is a practical Cabinet Maker and Oil Finisher, and has a practical Carpet and Furniture Upholster in his employ, and feels confident of pleasing all who may patronize him, both in work and prices.
Arlington, Oct. 13, 1877.—19

BROOKS, RUSHTON & CO.'S LEXINGTON & BOSTON Express,
GEO. M. LITCHFIELD, Agent.

Office in Lexington, L. A. Saville's store; Boston Office, 75 Kilby street, 34 Court Square, and 15 Devonshire Street.

Leave Lexington at 7.00, 9.15, a. m.; 1.00, p. m. Leave Boston at 11.00, a. m.; 3.00 and 4.30, p. m.

Trunks carried to and from the depot to all trains.
All orders for Jobbing will receive prompt attention.
Lexington, April 28, 1877.

HADLEY'S
Lexington, East Lexington & Boston
DAILY EXPRESS.

Offices, 8 and 33 Court Square, Box 42 Quincy Market, Boston.
Box at F. R. Willis' store, Lexington, and at A. Childs and R. W. Holbrook, East Lexington.
Leave Lexington at 7 o'clock, a. m.
Leave offices in Boston at 1 o'clock, p. m.
All Orders Promptly Attended to.
S. T. HADLEY. A. T. HADLEY.
Lexington, Sept. 30, 1876.—19

ASA COTTRELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND
MASTER IN CHANCERY FOR MIDDLESEX CO.

25 Tremont Row, Boston.
Office in Lexington, on Main street, next the Baptist Church. Mornings and evenings.
Jan 15—19

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5.00 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. June 30—19

CHARLES HATCH, CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR,
Savings Bank Building, Arlington.

Town, Estate and Farm Surveying carefully executed.
Old property lines re-run, and bounds set. Special attention given to the laying out of highways, private grounds, and cemeteries. Maps and drawings of all kinds furnished at short notice and reasonable cost.
Arlington, Oct. 27, 1877.—19

B. POLAND, Licensed Auctioneer.

Sales of Real Estate and Personal Property will be promptly attended to.
Houses and Land for sale and to lease.
Address Post Office, Arlington, and 30 Hanover street, Boston. Feb 18—19

M. A. RICHARDSON & CO.,
Agents for the
ARLINGTON ADVOCATE,
\$1.50 per year.


CHAS. SCHWAMB & SON, Manufacturers of
Picture, Mirror & Wreath FRAMES!
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
PICTURES FRAMED
in every style, at moderate rates.
Work entrusted to us will be promptly executed, in the best manner. Parties having Frames to re-gild, will find it to their advantage to give us a call at our
Office and Manufactory,
LOWELL STREET, ARLINGTON, MASS.
P. O. Address, Arlington Heights.
Arlington, Dec. 15, 1877.—3m

GOLD
Great chance to make money. If you can't get gold you can get greenbacks. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. The most elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One against reports making over \$100 in a week. A daily agent reports taking over 400 subscribers in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full particulars, directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive outfit free. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. Address "The People's Journal," Portland, Maine.

21 VALENTINES 21
Just received, all desirable qualities and prices.
Wholesale and Retail.
We are constantly adding to our stock of
EMBOSSD PICTURES,
All new and desirable goods.
Fancy Boxes and Fancy Papers,
Pottery and Materials for Decorating,
Floral Cards & Fancy Paper Goods.
A nice Box for all Valentines retailed for over 10 cents. Trade supplied.

21 J. BAIRD, 21 Bedford St., 21
BOSTON.

J. W. PEIRCE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in


Coal, Wood, Hay, Grain,
Cement, Lime and Plaster,
Has removed his office to the entrance of his Coal Yard on
MYSTIC STREET,
Corner of Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.
Office in Lexington, near the Centre Depot.
C. T. WEST, Agent, Lexington, Mass.

H. W. HILL, DEALER IN
Leather Boots and Shoes,
MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS'
RUBBER BOOTS.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Kid and Goat Boots,—all styles and varieties.
Very low rent enables me to sell at very low prices, FOR CASH.

ESTABLISHED, 1821.

WM. L. CLARK & CO.,
Carriage Painters, Trimmers
AND
Harness Manufacturers.

A good assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surcingle, Whips, Cards, Combs and Brushes.
Repairing neatly and promptly executed.
Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

ATTENTION! REMOVAL!
ABEL LAWRENCE, HARNESS MAKER,
Arlington, Mass., next door to Hill & Gott, and opposite Arlington House.
Trunks and Valises Repaired.
New work, of every description, in the best manner. Repairing, in all its branches, promptly attended to.
July 3—19

GEO. Y. WELLINGTON,
General Fire Insurance Ag't,
Room 5, Savings Bank Building,
Arlington, Mass.

Office hours—Saturdays from 7 to 9 o'clock, p. m.

W. H. H. TUTTLE,
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law.
EVENING OFFICE,
ROOM NO. 5, SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,
ARLINGTON.

HENRY J. WELLS,
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law.
Will practice in all the Courts, and give special attention to drafting Wills, and to general Probate business.
OFFICE, 15 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON
Residence, 5 Bigelow St., Cambridge.

LOST,
On the evening of Dec. 21st, between Arlington Centre and Russell's Hotel, a heavy, glossy Horse Blanket. If the finder will leave the same at the Hotel, or with the owner, Jacob H. Hutchinson, it will be thankfully received.
Dec-29-2w J. H. HUTCHINSON.

JOHN H. HARDY,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
Savings Bank Building, Arlington.
July 6—19

Pleasant Street Market.
J. A. Goodwin, DEALER IN
PROVISIONS,
of all kinds.
SALT AND FRESH MEATS, CORNED AND SMOKED HAMS, AND
VEGETABLES,
of every variety, in their season. Also,
FRESH BUTTER AND CHEESE
AND
CANNED FRUIT.
FREE Goods delivered in any part of the town FREE OF CHARGE.
PLEASANT STREET, next door to New Savings Bank, Arlington, Mass.
Arlington, Oct. 14, 1876.—19

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.
The partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of C. F. Hartwell & Co., is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. The business will be continued by Mr. C. F. Hartwell.

C. F. HARTWELL, R. BYRON HARWOOD,
Arlington, Jan. 1, 1878. Jan-5-3w

C. F. HARTWELL, CARPENTER,
BUILDER AND ARCHITECT.
Jobbing of all kinds promptly done. Mosquito Frames, Doors and Hot-Bed Sash made to order. Designs and Estimates furnished.
Shop on Court Street, Arlington, Mass.
Jan. 5, 1878.—19

H. B. MITCHELL, DEALER IN
FRESH, SMOKED SALT FISH,
OF ALL KINDS.
Oysters, Clams, Lobsters, &c.
Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass.

Goods delivered in any part of the town, FREE OF CHARGE.
Orders for goods not on hand promptly filled.

PICTURE FRAMES
Engravings, Chromos,
STEREOSCOPES, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
Picture Cord and Knobs.
Pictures Framed to Order,
AT LOW RATES.

GEO. S. BRYANT & CO.,
34 Bromfield Street Boston.
Sept. 28, 1877.—19

HILL & GOTT, CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS,
AND
BLACKSMITHS,
ARLINGTON AVE., (Opp. Arlington Hotel), ARLINGTON
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
HORSE SHOEING.
They have already finished, and in course of building,
HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,
SLEIGHS, PUNGS, &c.
JOHN HILL 36-41 CHARLES GOTT

OMAR W. WHITEMORE,
dealer in
Pure Drugs & Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles and Fancy Soaps.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.
Sundays hours, from 8, a. m. to 1, p. m., 9 to 6, and 6 to 8, p. m.
Corner of Arlington Avenue and Medford Street
Arlington, Feb. 10, 1877.—19

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Arlington and vicinity that he is prepared to furnish good coaches for funerals, marriages, &c., at the shortest notice, and on very reasonable terms, and also a furniture and party wagon to those who may favor him with their patronage. All orders left at his residence on Mill street, near Horse car station, will receive prompt attention.
mar-24-19 DAVID CLARK.

AMMI HALL, Carpenter and Builder,
ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON, MASS.
Jobbing and Repairing promptly done. Particular attention given to sitting up Bath Rooms. Window and Door Screens made to order.
Arlington, June 16, 1877.—19

ARLINGTON CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.
This well-known establishment has on hand, for sale or exchange, a large variety of new and second hand
CARRIAGES, WAGONS,
TOP and OPEN BUGGIES,
CARRYALLS, GODDARD BUGGIES,
PHEATONS, open & top, HARNESSES,
and every thing in this line.

BUCKNAM COURT,
Nearly Opposite the Depot.
In his new quarters he will welcome his friends whom he thanks for their many past favors, and whose patronage in the future he hopes may be continued.
Hacks furnished for Weddings and Funerals.
J. E. HENDERSON.
Arlington, Aug. 4, 1877.—3m

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.
BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John S. Pinkham to Artemas Frost, dated January 1st, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex, South District Deeds, Libro 1276, folio 549, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, upon the mortgaged premises, on WEDNESDAY, the sixth day of February, 1878, at three and one-half (3 1/2) o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said Mortgage Deed, namely: One undivided half part of all that parcel of land situated in Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being the Pasture, so-called, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northerly corner of the premises at land of the Arlington Land Company, formerly of T. Peirce, and of Robbins; thence running southerly on land of Robbins and land formerly of Isaac Frost, across an ancient passageway about thirteen hundred eighty-two feet to the Wedge Lot, so-called, thence running southerly on the Wedge Lot one hundred five and 1/10 feet; thence running westerly on land sometimes known as the Morton Pine Lot, across and by the northerly line of said ancient passageway four hundred sixty-six and 1/10 feet to an angle; thence running westerly on the northerly line of said ancient passageway three hundred and sixty-four feet; thence running westerly on land of Newell Frost, seven hundred fifty-five feet to the line of said land of the Arlington Land Company, formerly of Peirce; thence northerly on said land of the Arlington Land Company, four hundred eight and 3/10 feet, to the point of beginning. Containing about six hundred and thirty-seven square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a plan made by Whitman & Breck, exclusive of said ancient passageway. Excepting therefrom that portion of the above described premises released by Artemas Frost and said Anna G. Crosby to Oliver Warner, and said trustees of the Arlington Land Company, March 2d, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex, South District Deeds, Libro 1302, folio 233.
Terms made known at time and place of sale.
The Equity of Redemption is supposed to belong to the Arlington Land Company.
John H. Hardy, Attorney. Jan-12-3w

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